



(Copyright, 1893.)  
CHAPTER III.

Oh, the dreary wastes left by the loved who have deserted us! These are the vacant places of life which we water with bitterest tears. Had Sophy died, Andrew would have said: "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth right in His sight." It was the manner and the means of his loss which filled him with a dumb rage and sorrow, for in spite of his mother's and sister's anger he would say or do nothing likely to give Sophy the slightest trouble or notoriety. He remained in his room or took a boat and went alone on the sea, but he made no complaint, and though the village was ringing with gossip concerning Sophy, not man or woman ventured to name her in Andrew's presence. Still, for all, he was in these days what James Binnie described as "an ill man to live with," a man out of his senses and falling away from his meat and his clothes.

For two weeks this misery continued without abatement, and Janet's and Christina's sympathy began to be tinged with resentment. Then one morning a cousin of Sophy's came up to the Binnie cottage and brought with her two cards tied together with a bit of silver wire. They were Sophy's wedding cards, and she had sent also an Edinburgh paper containing a notice of her marriage to Archibald Braelands. The ceremony had taken place at St. Andrew's church and the women remembered that one of the Braelands' serving ladies had told her the family sat in St. Andrew's when they were in Edinburgh during the winter. The news was satisfactory to Janet. It gave her a kind of pleasure to carry it to Andrew. He was walking moodily about the bit of level turf in front of the cottage and she put the snow-white cards into his brown hands.

"Sophy's cousin Isabel brought them," she said, with an air of resentment. He looked steadily at the message and the struggle of the inward man shook the outward man visibly. But in a moment, with a quick upward fling of the head, he regained that self-control which he had voluntarily abdicated. "You'll tell Isabel," he said, "that I wish Mistress Braelands every good thing, both for this world and the next." Then he stepped closer to his mother and kissed her. Janet was so touched and amazed that she could not speak. But the look of loving wonder on her face was better than words. She saw him put the cards in his pocket and go down to the sea, and she returned to the cottage and gave Isabel the message sent. And when their visitor had gone she said to Christina:

"Your brother is a right now. Andrew Binnie isna the man to fret himself about a wife, not his. He'll break no command for any lass, and see Sophy Braelands will have to vacate his vera thoughts. I'm glad she's married and done wi', and I'm wishing her no mair ill than she has called to herself."

"She has brought sorrow enon' to our house," said Christina. "All the days o' my ain courting has been darkened wi' the worry and care o' her. Andrew couldna even feel wi' me when Jamie went to pieces far awa', foreign and a that. And for yourself, mother, hawna found time nor heart to talk wi' me about Jamie. I wonder where he is the day."

Janet thought a moment and answered: "He would leave New York for home Saturday. 'Tis Tuesday morn and he will maybe reach Glasgow next Tuesday. He could be in Pittencaig a few hours later."

"He'll no' be let come and go as he wants to, mother. He'll have to obey orders. A steam ship and a fishing boat arena equal things at all."

"Tut, tut, lassie! It would be a poor-like captain that didna hae a fellow-feeling for a bad love. Hope weel and hae weel."

With such cheerful counsel the work went happily, and the shadow lifted from the hearth, and when Andrew returned the old grave smile was on his face, and Janet said to herself: "He has had his wrastle and come out wi' a victory."

Just before dark Christina was standing at the door looking over the immense, cheerless waste of waters. Mists, vague and troubled as the background of dreams, were on the horizon, and there was a feeling of melancholy in the air. But she liked the damp, fresh wind, with its taste of brine, and she drew her plaid around her and breathed it with a sense of enjoyment. Andrew came to her side and said: "Christina, I got a letter to-day, and an going about the business I told you o'. I'll start early in the morning; see put up what I'll need in the two bag, and say naething to mother till a' things are settled. I told her I was going about a new boat and she never asked a question. She's a blithe creature; one o' the Lord's contented bairns."

"I wish we were bairn like her. She just leaves yesterday when she fell and trusts to-morrow wi' God, and catches every blink o' happiness that comes her."

"It is a dour, storm-like sky yon," answered Andrew, pointing eastward. "We hae a snoring breeze anon." Then he remembered Jamie's letter, and he turned the conversation to him, and let Christina tell her hopes and fears, and ask his advice on many matters that his trouble had hitherto prevented her naming to him.

After eating some bread and cheese with the women, Andrew went to his room. The storm he had foreseen was then raging around the cottage; the blustering waves making strange noises on the sands, lashing sound. The mother and daughter hardly heard it; they sat talking of Sophy's marriage and Jamie's return, speaking in a low voice, and often obliged to wait while the almost-laden wind howled down the wide chimney. In one of these pauses they were startled by a human cry, loud and piercing, and quite distinct from the turbulent roar of the wind and waves. It came from Andrew's room, and the women were at his door in a moment. At first he paid no attention to their inquiries, but when Jamie began to weep he turned the key and they entered. Andrew supported himself against the door of his room, his countenance was pale and distraught, and a quiet fury burned in his eyes. He made several attempts to speak ere he was able to ejaculate:

"The siller! The siller! It is a' gane!"

"Gane?" cried Christina. "That is just impossible!"

"It is a' gane!" Then he laid his hand with a sudden grip upon her shoulder and

asked in a fierce whisper: "What did you do wi' it?"

"I never put finger on it. Andrew! Andrew! You are surely not calling me 'thief' in your heart!"

"What then? What then?" he cried, "unless it be Jamie's letter!"

"Dinna wrang folk see wickedly. Jamie knew nae mair than the unborn babe o' the siller."

"How do I ken? How do I ken? The night I showed you the siller he ought to have been in the beds and he wasna. What do you mak' o' that?"

"Naething. He is as innocent as I am, and God Almighty!"

"Dinna take his name in your mouth. And leave me, my lane. I tell you bath to go awa'. I'm no responsible creature the noo. Will you go? Bath o' you. I want to be my lane wi' my sorrow."

And his passion was so dour and stern that the women were terrified; for the very fashion of his countenance was changed, his hair stood upright, and he continually smote his hands together.

So they left him alone and went back to the sputtering fireside—for the rain was now beating down the chimney—and in awe-struck whispers Christina told her mother of the money which Andrew had hoarded; and of the plans which it was now to break to pieces. It was a mighty sorrow, even for the women, and Janet wept like a child over the hopes blasted before she knew them. "He should have told us lang syne," she sobbed. "What good could come o' siller hid awa' from everybody but himself? It wouldna hae gone an ill road if his mother's thoughts had been round about it. He was the vera same about Sophy. Naeboddy but

back to him; and then at Andrew, who stood white and stern, with both hands in his pockets, regarding him.

"Whatever is the matter, Andrew?" he cried. "You aren't like yourself. You are ill, man. Oh, but I'm vexed to see you see changed."

"Where is my siller, James? Where is the siller you took from me? The savings o' my lifetime!"

"Your siller, Andrew! Me tak' your siller! You are mad, or jokin', man! What does he mean at a', Christina?"

"I mean that I had nearly a thousand pounds taken out o' my room the night you should hae gone to the boats and didna go."

"Do you say I took it? Mind your words, man!" He had put Christina from him and he stood squarely before Andrew, his face a flame of passion.

"I am mair sure you took it. Prove to me you didna."

Before the words were finished they were answered with a blow, which was promptly returned and the men closed in deadly struggle. Christina was white and sick with terror, but glad that Andrew had found himself boldly answered. Janet turned sharply at the first blow and threw herself between the men.

All the old prowess of the fish wife was roused in her. "How dour you?" she cried. "I'll hae ne curing and fighting in my house!" and with a twist of her head in her son's collar she threw him back into his chair. Then she turned to Jamie. "If you hae naething to say, my bonnie lad," she cried passionately, "you'll do weel to tak' yourself down the cliff."

"I hae been called a 'thief' in this house. I came here to kiss my bride, and I ken naething at all o' what Andrew means. Give me the Bible and I'll swear it."

"Let the Bible alone!" shouted Andrew. "Nae man shall lie on my Bible. Get out o' the house, James! And be thankful! I dinna call the officers to care for you."

"There is a mad man inside o' you, Andrew Binnie, or a dill o' some kind. You aren't fit to bide wi' women at a'. Christina, come wi' me. I'll marry you to-night at the Largo minister's house. Come, my dear lass! Never mind aught but your plaidie."

The girl rose and put out her hand. Andrew leaped to his feet. "I'll strike you to the ground if you dour to touch my sister again." And but for Janet taking both his hands in her own strong grip he would have kept his threat.

Then Janet's anger fell most unreasonably upon Christina. "Gae ben the house," she screamed. "You'll hae the whole village fighting about you, next thing."

"I am going wi' Jamie, mother!"

"I'll tak' vera good care you dinna go wi' Jamie. There's nae bide wi' women at a'. Christina, come wi' me. I'll marry you to-night at the Largo minister's house. Come, my dear lass! Never mind aught but your plaidie."

"I ran the risk o' losing my berth to come here," said Jamie. "More fool, I! Christina, I hae been called thief and loon for doing it. I came for your sake; now, you must go wi' me, for your sake. Come awa', lassie, and there is nae that shall part us mair."

Again Christina rose, and again her mother interfered. "You will go your lane, Jamie. I dinna ken whether you are right or wrang. I ken naething about that weary siller. But I do ken there has been naething but trouble since Andrew saved you from the sea. I'm no saying it is your fault, but the sea has been against us ever since, and noo, you'll go awa' and you'll stay awa'."

"Christina! Am I to go?"

"Go, Jamie, but I'll come to you, and there is nae shall keep me from you."

Then Jamie went, and far down on the sands Christina heard him call, "Good-by, Christina! Good-by." And she would have answered him, but Janet had locked the door, and the key was in her pocket. Then for hours the domestic storm raged, Andrew growing more positive and passionate, until even Janet was alarmed, and with tears and coaxing, persuaded him to go to his bed. Still, in this hurly-burly of temper, Christina kept her purpose intact. If she was in time for a marriage with Jamie she would be his wife at once; if Jamie had gone, then she would hire herself out until the return of the ship.

This was the purpose she intended to carry out in the morning; but before

But when Jamie's ship reached Glasgow there was no time for visiting. Jamie was so sure of this that he did not even ask permission to run up to Pittencaig. To have done so would have been to ask for his discharge, and he wrote and told Christina the position in the most loving and sensible manner. She believed him fully, and was satisfied; yet she felt ashamed to tell Andrew, and when she did so his answer gave her a double headache.

"Nae wonder he keeps awa' from Pittencaig," he said with a scornful laugh. "He'll come here nae mair, unless he is made to. And if it wasn't for you and your gude name, Christina, I would bring him here to-morrow."

Thus backward, every way, flew the wheels of life in the Binnie home. Andrew took a grim pleasure in accepting his poverty before his mother and sister. He refused all offers on a humble basis from The Fleet, and went back to his fishing boat. And in the home he made them feel that everything, but the bare necessities, were not to be thought of. All Christina's little extravagances of bridal preparations were peremptorily stopped. There would be no silk wedding gown now, if there would be a wedding at all. For Andrew's continual suspicions had an influence she fought in vain against, especially as Jamie did not come to Pittencaig after the second or the third voyage. Then people began to talk and to wonder, and to ask embarrassing questions; and anon there was a shake of the head, and a sigh of pity when Christina was mentioned.

So four wretched months went by, and then one moonlight night in February Christina heard the quick footstep and the joyous whistle she knew so well. She stood up trembling with happiness, and as Jamie flung wide open the door, she flew to his arms. For some moments he saw nothing, and cared for nothing, but the girl clasped to his heart, but as she began to sob he looked at Janet, who had purposely gone to the china rock, that she might have her

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Such Handsome Styles! Such Rich Qualities! And values at the prices before unknown.

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The Kriegerbunde.

COLUMBUS, O., August 19.—About 6,000 people are here to attend the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battles around Metz, as celebrated by the Kriegerbunde, an organization of ex-German empire soldiers similar to the G. A. R. In the parade at 8 a. m. were organizations from Akron, Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Cleveland, Toledo, McKeesport, Newark, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Chicago, Terre Haute, Chaboygan, Peoria, Aurora, Carnegie and Elgin.

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There are a great many of the unfortunate ones in this world, greater in number than those who are blessed with good digestion. To some people the greatest misfortune is not to be able to eat everything set before them. "I suffered for years with Dyspepsia, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was induced to try Simmons' Liver Regulator and was cured. I now eat everything."

—M. Bright, Madison Parish, La.

DIARRHEA should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. De Witt's Colic and Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money. Logan Drug Co., Wheeling, W. Va., B. F. Peabody, Benwood, and Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Logan Drug Company.

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All pain banished by Dr. Miller's Pain Pills.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mac Whetlow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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